

Daily Kentuckian

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a number. The Postal regulations
require subscriptions to be paid in
advance.



... This paper has enlisted
with the government in the
cause of America for the
period of the war

STUMPS FOR FUEL.

The State Forester's office recent-
ly put out the following unique plan
to save coal.

"Thousands of homes in this coun-
try are without coal; thousands of
industries are working short time for
the same reason. The chances of get-
ting it are slim. Fuel Commissioner
Garfield says that there is likely to
remain a shortage of from thirty to
thirty-five percent of necessary fuel
indefinitely.

The shortage is due to two causes
—lack of coal cars and lack of labor
at the mines.

In Albany, New York, recently, a
conference was held by Governor
Whitman and representatives of the
State Grange, the Farm Bureau, the
State Colleges of Forestry and the
Conservation Commissioner to discuss
ways and means of saving more than
a million tons of coal by the sub-
stitution of wood. In this connection
an experiment recently worked out
by Professor Mandersburg, Forestry
Specialist of the Michigan Agricul-
tural College in conjunction with the
Agricultural Agent of the G. R. &
I. Railway Company will prove of in-
terest. It was demonstrated by these
gentlemen that there was a large de-
mand for stump wood in the larger
cities of Michigan, especially Grand
Rapids and Detroit, and that \$2.15
per cord was offered for it by the
dealers; that about three dollars
worth of dynamite would blast out
and break up stumps containing an
average of eight cords of wood.

There are good many advantages
connected with this idea. Merely cut-
ting down trees and using the wood
for fuel may take care of a present
pressing need but the practice rep-
resents an economic loss in the end,
whereas clearing stump land rep-
resents an economic gain because af-
ter the wood is burned, there still re-
mains the virgin farm land to be used
in increasing the Nation's food pro-
ducts.

Using stump wood for fuel not only
conserves coal but it relieves freight
congestion and releases cars at pres-
ent employed in the hauling of coal.
True some of the stump wood would
have to be hauled by rail but such
hauling would be purely local and
probably most of it would be by team
haul, whereas coal shipments fre-
quently have to traverse several
states.

The New York conference estimat-
ed that the cutting of one cord of
wood from each acre of farm lots in
New York States would in itself save
1,125,000 tons of coal. If coal could
be saved proportionately in other
states, it can readily be seen that the
coal conservation would foot up an
immense aggregate and that railroad
equipment that could be used for other
purposes would be released to the
extent of thousands of cars and many
locomotives.

If there are readers of this paper
who are owners of cut-over land, even
if only small plots, they will be in-
terested in these suggestions. Prob-
ably the time will never again come
when these stump lands can be
cleared and made ready for cultiva-
tion not only at no cost to the own-
ers but at an actual profit to them.
In making that profit, they will be
doing a favor to many householders
in their locality who are unable to
buy coal to heat their homes.

Prof. Henry C. Emery, a Yale pro-
fessor, was with a party of civilians
in Finland arrested by Germans and
taken to Danzig, Germany. Women
and old men in the party, taken from
a Swedish vessel, were permitted to
represent a New York Trust Co.
and left Petrograd the last of Feb.
for Finland and the Aland.

TERRIBLY SWOLLEN

Suffering Described As Torture
Relieved by Black-Draught.

Rossville, Ga.—Mrs. Kate Lee Able, of
this place, writes: "My husband is an
engineer, and once while lifting, he in-
jured himself with a piece of heavy ma-
chinery, across the abdomen. He was
so sore he could not bear to press on
himself at all, on chest or abdomen. He
weighed 165 lbs., and felt off until he
weighed 110 lbs., in two weeks.

He became constipated and it looked
like he would die. We had three different
doctors, yet with all their medicine, his
bowels failed to act. He would turn up
a ten-cent bottle of castor oil, and drink
it two or three days in succession. He
did this yet without result. We became
desperate, he suffered so. He was swollen
terribly. He told me his suffering
could only be described as torture.

I sent and bought Thedford's Black-
Draught. I made him take a big dose,
and when it began to act he fainted, he
was in such misery, but he got relief and
began to mend at once. He got well,
and we both feel he owes his life to
Thedford's Black-Draught."

Thedford's Black-Draught will help you
to keep fit, ready for the day's work.
Try it! NC-131

(Advertisement)

"Over the Top"

By An American Soldier
Who Went

ARTHUR GUY EMPEY
Machine Gunner Serving in France

(Copyright, 1917, by Arthur Guy Empey)

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Fired by the news of the
sinking of the Lusitania by a German
submarine, Arthur Guy Empey, an Ameri-
can, leaves his office in Jersey City and
goes to England where he enlists in the
British army.

CHAPTER II.—After a period of train-
ing, Empey volunteers for landing serv-
ice and soon finds himself in rest billets
"somewhere in France," where he first
makes the acquaintance of the ever-pres-
ent "Tommy."

CHAPTER III.—Empey attends his first
church services at the front with a Ger-
man Fowler circling over the congregation.

CHAPTER IV.—Empey's command goes
into the front-line trenches and is under
fire for the first time.

CHAPTER V.—Empey learns to adopt
the motto of the British Tommy, "If you
are going to get it, you'll get it, so never
worry."

CHAPTER VI.—Back in rest billets, Em-
pey gets his first experience as a mess
chief.

CHAPTER VII.—Empey learns how the
British soldiers are fed.

CHAPTER VIII.—Back in the front-line
trench, Empey sees his first friend of the
trenches, "Tommy."

CHAPTER IX.—Empey makes his first
visit to a dugout in "Suicide Ditch."

CHAPTER X.—Empey learns what con-
stitutes a "day's work" in the front-line
trench.

CHAPTER XI.—Empey goes "over the
top" for the first time in a charge on the
German trenches and is wounded by a
barrage balloon.

CHAPTER XII.—Empey joins the "su-
icide club" as the bombing squad is called.

CHAPTER XIII.

My First Official Bath.

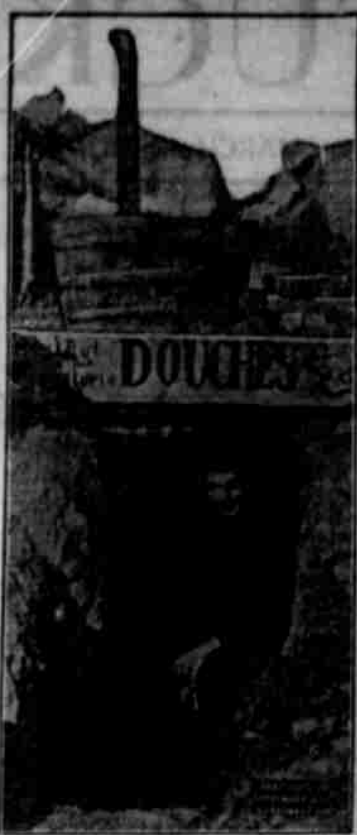
Right behind our rest billet was a
large creek about ten feet deep and
twenty feet across, and it was a habit
of the company to avail themselves of
an opportunity to take a swim and at
the same time thoroughly wash them-
selves and their underwear when on
their own. We were having a spell of
hot weather, and these baths to us
were a luxury. The Tommies would
splash around in the water and then
come out and sit in the sun and have
what they termed a "shirt hunt." At
first we tried to drown the "cooties,"
but they also seemed to enjoy the bath.

One Sunday morning the whole sec-
tion was in the creek and we were hav-
ing a gay time, when the sergeant ma-
jor appeared on the scene. He came
to the edge of the creek and ordered:
"Come out of it. Get your equipment on,
'drill order,' and fall in for bath
parade. Look lively, my hearties. You
have only got fifteen minutes." A howl
of indignation from the creek greeted
this order, but out we came. Dis-
cipline is discipline. We lined up in
front of our billet with rifles and bay-
onets (why you need rifles and bay-
onets to take a bath gets me), a full
quota of ammunition, and our tin hats.

Each man had a piece of soap and a
towel. After an eight-kilo march along
a dusty road, with an occasional shell
whistling overhead, we arrived at a
little squat frame building upon the
bank of a creek. Nailed over the door
of this building was a large sign which
read "Divisional Baths." In a wooden
shed in the rear we could hear a
wherry old engine pumping water.

We lined up in front of the baths,
soaked with perspiration, and piled
our rifles into stacks. A sergeant of
the R. A. M. C. with a yellow band
around his left arm on which was
"S. P." (sanitary police) in black let-
ters, took charge, ordering us to take
off our equipment, unroll our puttees
and unlace boots. Then, starting from
the right of the line, he divided us
into squads of fifteen. I happened to
be in the first squad.

We entered a small room, where we
were given five minutes to undress,
then filed into the bathroom. In here
there were fifteen tubs (barrels saved
in two) half full of water. Each tub
contained a piece of laundry soap. The
sergeant informed us that we had just
twelve minutes in which to take our
baths. Soaping ourselves all over, we
took turns in rubbing each other's
backs, then by means of a garden hose,
washed the soap off. The water was
too cold, but felt fine.



A Bathroom at the Front.

erectly soon a bell rang and the wa-
ter was turned off. Some of the slower
ones were covered with soap, but this
made no difference to the sergeant,
who chased us into another room,
where we lined up in front of a little
window, resembling the box office in a
theater, and received clean underwear
and towels. From here we went into
the room where we had first undressed.
Ten minutes were allowed in which to
get into our "clabber."

My pair of drawers came up to my
chin and the shirt barely reached my
diaphragm, but they were clean—no
strangers on them, so I was satisfied.
At the expiration of the time allot-
ted we were turned out and finished
our dressing on the grass.

When all of the company had bathed
it was a case of march back to billets.
That march was the most ungenial
one I imagined, just cussing and blind-
ing all the way. We were covered with
white dust and felt greasy from sweat.
The wooden underwear issued was
itching like the mischief.

After eating our dinner of stew,
which had been kept for us—it was
now four o'clock—we went into the
creek and had another bath.

If "Holy Joe" could have heard our
remarks about the divisional baths
and army red tape he would have
fainted at our wickedness. But Tom-
my is only human after all.

I just mentioned "Holy Joe" or the
chaplain in an irreverent sort of way,
but no offense was meant, as there
were some very brave men among them.

There are so many instances of he-
roic deeds performed under fire in re-
solving the wounded that it would take
several books to chronicle them, but I
have to mention one instance per-
formed by a chaplain, Captain Hall by
name, in the brigade on our left, be-
cause it particularly appealed to me.

A chaplain is not a fighting man; he
is recognized as a noncombatant and
carries no arms. In a charge or trench
raid the soldier gets a feeling of con-
fidence from contact with his rifle,
revolver, or bomb he is carrying. He
has something to protect himself with,
something with which he can inflict
harm on the enemy—in other words,
he is able to get his own back.

But the chaplain is empty-handed,
and is at the mercy of the enemy if
he encounters them, so it is doubly
brave for him to go over the top, under
fire, and bring in wounded. Also a
chaplain is not required by the king's
regulations to go over in a charge, but
this one did, made three trips under
the hottest kind of fire, each time re-
turning with a wounded man on his
back. On the third trip he received
a bullet through his left arm, but never
reported the matter to the doctor until
late that night—just spent his time ad-
ministering to the wants of the wound-
ed lying on stretchers.

The chaplains of the British army
are a fine, manly set of men, and are
greatly respected by Tommy.

CHAPTER XIV.

Picks and Shovels.

I had not slept long before the sweet
voice of the sergeant informed that
"No. 1 section had clicked for another
blinking digging party." I smiled to
myself with deep satisfaction. I had
been promoted from a mere digger to
a member of the Suicide club, and was
exempt from all fatigues. Then came
an awful shock. The sergeant looked
over in my direction and said:

"Don't you bomb throwers think you
are wearing top hats out here. 'Cord-
in' to orders you've been taken up on
the strength of this section, and will
have to do your bit with the pick and
shovel, same as the rest of us."

I put up a howl on my way to get
my shovel, but the only thing that re-
sulted was a loss of good humor on
my part.

We fell in at eight o'clock, outside
of our billets, a sort of masquerade
party. I was disguised as a common
laborer, had a pick and shovel, and
about one hundred empty sandbags.
The rest, about two hundred in all,
were equipped likewise: picks, shovels,
sandbags, rifles and ammunition.

The party moved out in column of
fours, taking the road leading to the
trenches. Several times we had to
string out in the ditch to let long col-

ENDORSED AT HOME

SUCH PROOF AS THIS SHOULD
CONVINCE ANY HOPKINS.

VILLE CITIZEN.

The public endorsement of a local
citizen is the best proof that can be
produced. None better, none strong-
er can be had. When a man comes
forward and testifies to his fellow-
citizens, addresses his friends and
neighbors, you may be sure he is
thoroughly convinced or he would
not do so. Telling one's experience
when it is for the public good is an
act of kindness that should be ap-
preciated. The following statement
given by a resident of Hopkinsville
adds one more to the many cases of
Home Endorsement which are being
published about Doan's Kidney Pills.
Read it.

J. M. Lacy, grocer, 207 E. Seven-
teenth street, Hopkinsville, says: "I
was subject to attacks of kidney colic
and suffered from severe pain that
was almost unbearable. Knowing of
others who had been helped by
Doan's Kidney Pills, I took them.
They put my kidneys in good order
and relieved other kidney annoy-
ances."

60c. at all dealers. Foster-Mil-
burn Co., Mfgs., Buffalo, N. Y.

ums of timbers, artillery and supplies
got past.

The marching, under these condi-
tions, was necessarily slow. Upon ar-
rival at the entrance to the communi-
cation trench, I looked at my illumi-
nated wrist watch—it was eleven
o'clock.

Before entering this trench, word
was passed down the line, "no talking
or smoking, lead off in single file, cov-
ering party first."

This covering party consisted of 30
men, armed with rifles, bayonets,
bombs, and two Lewis machine guns.
They were to protect us and guard
against a surprise attack while dig-
ging in No Man's Land.

The communication trench was
about half a mile long, a zigzagging
ditch, eight feet deep and three feet
wide.

Now and again, German shrapnel
would whistle overhead and burst in
our vicinity. We would crouch against
the earthen walls while the shell frag-
ments "clapped" the ground above us.

Once Fritz turned loose with a ma-
chine gun, the bullets from which
"cracked" through the air and kicked
up the dirt on the top, scattering sand
and pebbles, which, hitting our steel
helmets, sounded like hailstones.

Upon arrival in the fire trench an
officer of the Royal Engineers gave us
our instructions and acted as guide.

We were to dig an advanced trench
two hundred yards from the Germans
(the trenches at this point were six
hundred yards apart).

Two winding lanes, five feet wide,
had been cut through our barbed wire,
for the passage of the diggers. From
these lanes white tape had been laid



Trench Digging.

on the ground to the point where we
were to commence work. This in or-
der that we would not get lost in the
darkness. The proposed trench was
also laid out with tape.

The covering party went out first.
After a short wait, two scouts came
back with information that the work-
ing party was to follow and "carry on"
with their work.

In extended order, two yards apart,
we noisilyly crept across No Man's
Land. It was nervous work; every
minute we expected a machine gun to
open fire on us. Stray bullets "cracked"
around us, or a ricochet sang over-
head.

Arriving at the taped diagram of
the trench, rifles shing around our
shoulders, we lost no time in getting
to work. We dug as quietly as pos-
sible but every now and then the noise
of a pick or shovel striking a stone
would send the cold shivers down our
backs. Under our breaths we heartily
cursed the offending Tommy.

At intervals a star shell would go on

from the German lines and we would
remain motionless until the glare of its
white light died out.

When the trench had reached a
depth of two feet we felt safer, be-
cause it would afford us cover in case
we were discovered and fired on.
The digging had been in progress
about two hours, when suddenly hell
seemed to break loose in the form of
machine-gun and rifle fire.

We dropped down on our bellies in
the shallow trench, bullets knocking
up the ground and snapping in the air.
Then shrapnel butted in. The music
was hot and Tommy danced.

The covering party was having a
rough time of it; they had no cover;
just had to take their medicine.

Word was passed down the line to
beat it for our trenches. We needed no
urging; grabbing our tools and stoop-
ing low, we legged it across No Man's
Land. The covering party got away
to a poor start but beat us in. They
must have had wings because we low-
ered the record.

Panting and out of breath, we tum-
bled into our front-line trench. I tore
my hands getting through our wire,
but, at the time, didn't notice it; my
journey was too urgent.

When the roll was called we found
that we had gotten it in the nose for
63 casualties.

Our artillery put a barrage on Fritz'
front-line and communication trenches
and their machine-gun and rifle fire
suddenly ceased.

Upon the cessation of this fire,
stretcher bearers went out to look for
killed and wounded. Next day we
learned that 21 of our men had been
killed and 37 wounded. Five men were
missing; lost in the darkness, they
must have wandered over into the Ger-
man lines, where they were either
killed or captured.

Speaking of stretcher bearers and
wounded, it is very hard for the aver-
age civilian to comprehend the enor-
mous cost of taking care of wounded
and the war in general. He or she gets
so accustomed to seeing billions of dol-
lars in print that the significance of
the amount is passed over without
thought.

From an official statement published
in one of the London papers, it is
stated that it costs between six and
seven thousand pounds (\$30,000 to \$35,-
000) to kill or wound a soldier. This
result was attained by taking the cost
of the war to date and dividing it by
the killed and wounded.

It may sound heartless and inhuman,
but it is a fact, nevertheless, that from
a military standpoint it is better for a
man to be killed than wounded.

If a man is killed he is buried, and
the responsibility of the government
ceases, excepting for the fact that his
people receive a pension. But if a man
is wounded it takes three men from
the firing line, the wounded man and
two men to carry him to the rear to
the advanced first-aid post. Here he is
attended by a doctor, perhaps assist-

See Next Page.

Accidents will happen, but the
best regulated families keep Dr.
Thomas' Eclectic Oil for such emer-
gencies. Two sizes, 50c and 60c, at
all stores.—Advertisement.

Mayfield has passed an anti-jay
walking ordinance, to prohibit people
from crossing streets except at cross-
ings.

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Apply to Mrs. Wall.

FOR SALE—Dark Cornish eggs
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DR. C. H. TANDY.

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experience to learn business of
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and if possible without military as-
pirations.

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to sell your farm list it with us im-
mediately. We are in touch with
men who are anxious to buy land
at good prices. We are likely to
have a buyer waiting for just such
a place as yours.

BOULDIN & TATE
Phone 217. Cherokee Bldg.

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water. Garden and fruit trees. Im-
mediate possession. \$200 a year.

CHAS. M. MEACHAM.

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Advertisement.

Good Morning. Have
You Seen The Courier?
Evansville's Best paper.

ASTHMA

There is no "cure"
but relief is often
brought by—

VICK'S VAPORUB

HELLO GIRL OFF TO FRANCE.

(By International News Service.)
Green Bay, Wis., March 18.—This
city will furnish the first girl tele-
phone operator for duty at the
switchboards of the American expedi-
tionary forces in France. She is
Miss Martiana Heynen, nineteen, who
has already been sworn into service
and who is now awaiting a formal
call to duty.

JUDGE FOGG DEAD.
Judge Finley Fogg, aged 45 years,
died at Paintsville, Ky., Saturday,
after a lingering illness of lung trou-
ble. He was a former Prison Com-
missioner who located in Lexington.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

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--SPECIALIST--

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NOW. You'll be surprised how easily
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